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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A few months ago it was "Anything to Beat Butler." Now the defeated prophet of reform is rallying his desperate hosts, and has taken up the war-cry of his foes, with this difference that it is now "Anything to Beat—Anybody." He is not particular about his victims—so long as there is a victim, his ambition is satisfied, or stayed, at least. He will be Governor or President, or almost anything, on any platform, supported by any party. The essential point is that Butler should be somewhere. Principle may "slide," as the *Sun* would say, and be hanged to it; political ideas are of no value, the warrior's shirt-front may go bare of the single-stud jewel of consistency, but Butler must get somewhere. Where, then, shall it be? If we may offer a mild suggestion, the law of the eternal fitness of things clearly would put the hero of Tewksbury in his proper niche in our own favored State, rather than in Massachusetts. Butler would be at home in the New York Board of Aldermen.

It has been said that the most satisfactory Government is that wherein the people do not know they are governed. There may be some truth in this statement; but judging ourselves by this standard, ours is the worst Government in the world. Not know we are governed, indeed! Is it possible for a citizen of the United States to remain in ignorance of the fact for five consecutive minutes? Think of the number of times a voter has the privilege of casting his ballot. And it is not so much the frequency as the variety of offices that have to be filled. It is an Alderman, a Mayor, a Judge—to our shame be it said—a Register, a State Engineer, an Attorney-General, to say nothing of Members of Congress, of State Senators and Assemblymen, and last, the President. And it is about this election of President that we wish to speak. We do not see our way clearly to suggest any alteration in the Constitution of the United States on this point.

## THE INTIMIDATION DODGE.



CHORUS OF POLICE CAPTAINS (to Justice Murray):—"NOW, WHICH ONE OF US DO YOU MEAN?"

It is conceded that so long as this country enjoys a Republican form of government we must have a President, and that that President must be elected. In some of the Central and South Americas they often have Presidents who are not elected. The man who is anxious to fill the position does not trouble himself about getting votes. What he wants are bayonets, with men to handle them. With their aid he remains in office until another man comes along with more bayonets and throws the other fellow out. The change is called a revolution. This is not the American practice. What we do is to elect a President by votes; and then—no sooner is he comfortably seated than we begin to speculate as to who is to succeed him. There is too much of this President-manufacturing business going on all the time. Such a nuisance has it become that it is calculated to make people think that countries under monarchical government are not so badly off, after all.

Take up any daily published in any part of the Union. Its editorials will not be, as a rule, devoted to the advocacy of good laws or desirable changes in legislation. They will discuss the merits of Smith or Brown or Jones or Conkling or Blaine or Tilden as candidates for the Presidency. And what a useless discussion it is! Until nominations are made at the respective conventions next summer, who can assume to predict the result? Nobody knows anything about it. Think of the valuable time and space the New York *Sun* has wasted in its advocacy of William S. Holman. From the sudden way in which it has dropped him, it would seem as if the *Sun* had become awake to the fact that a man is not to be elected President because a solitary newspaper daily favors him with large chunks of "taffy." We do not profess to know who is to capture the Presidential prize, and we don't think any one else knows more about it than we do. Perhaps Mr. Logan may have a chance, with the help of his war record and the disappointed candidates, Conkling, Grant and Blaine; but somehow we do not think that Mr. Logan will be the next President.

We suppose that Messrs. Robinson, Calkins and Finnerty are American citizens, or they

would not be Congressmen; but by their queer talk at a meeting held last week in Ford's Opera House, Washington, they do not appear well fitted to enjoy either distinction. Let us take a flight of fancy and imagine Mr. Robinson President of the United States, and Messrs. Calkins and Finnerty members of the Cabinet. Would not the country have a nice time? Because England was stupid enough to hang an American citizen who murdered another man in mistake, war would be declared, and the allied Fenian and American armies would be sacking London and taking as prisoners the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Of course everybody knows O'Donnell was innocent. As a matter of fact he did not kill Carey at all, it was Carey or somebody else who killed him. Things are not as they should be. President Arthur, don't be bashful. Do as Congressman Finnerty, of Illinois, wishes, and annex Great Britain to the United States—peaceably if you can, forcibly if you must.

Our regularly ordained spiritualistic medium has conveyed to us the pleasant intelligence that he recently had an audience with the spirit of Mother Shipton. It will be remembered by the average reader that Mother Shipton was the champion heavy-weight female prophet, and that everything she predicted came true, with the solitary exception of the end of the world. And many people believe that the date she set down for that event was not correctly given, but was a typographical error.

Our spiritualistic medium has given us the result of the above-mentioned audience, and we gladly give it to the public. The old lady predicted that PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1884 will far excel any number of this popular volume before issued; that it will be much more attractive than ever, both in illustrations and letter-press, and that three or four editions will be disposed of every week.

In addition to the above flattering prediction from the spirit of the person who held the heavy-weight championship, we have only to say that this popular repository of rich and glittering gems will be hurled upon the world with a dull, sickening thud on or about the 15th of January, 1884. Look out for this grand aggregation of ineffable jewels of fancy in pen and pencil. This monstrous and colossal circus, with thirteen side-shows and steam-music, will boom forth upon you, as we softly murmured before, on or about the 15th of January, 1884. Of all news-dealers; price 25 cents.



## WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.



And in these days there is weeping and wailing and lamentation throughout all the land, for the spirit of Merry Christmas and the spirit of Happy New Year have laid hold upon this nation, and woe and grief and bitterness of heart are the fruits thereof.

For in these days every man spendeth more than his income, and mortgageth his revenue, and maketh himself bankrupt, and the end thereof is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the emptying of pocket-books.

And the gifts that are given shall be received in unthankfulness, and the givers shall be despised, and he who receives shall say unto himself: "Lo, now, I could have got the same at the dollar-store, and likewise could have put it into a box marked 'Tiffany,' and great would have been the saving thereon. For have I not returned this gift with a jewel of great price from Starr's, and where is mine own return therefor?"

And now the young man fetcheth a compass and goeth about the city, and beateth his brains up against a stone wall and striveth to bethink himself of what he may give to the maiden of his choice. And when he hath made himself a nuisance throughout the town, and hath priced all that there is to be bought within the city, and hath made himself the abhorred of shop-keepers, he maketh an end, and buyeth him a blotting-pad set with diamonds, and sendeth it to her after whom his soul yearneth.

And this being done, he waiteth in perturbation and perspiration until such time as he shall receive acknowledgement thereof. And he shall receive no acknowledgement; nay, but in return he shall get a green book-mark with a blue inscription thereon. And the said inscription shall be his own name. And the name shall be spelled wrongly.

Also at this season the widowed aunt of the small boy, she whose husband was a just man, and a deacon of the Methodist Church, casteth about in her mind for a present that may be fitting for her nephew. And the name of the nephew is John, and the age of him is twelve years.

And she goeth unto a toy-shop, and she is shown a velocipede, and a tool-box, and a baseball lay-out, and various other things the like of which do delight the heart of youth. And she passeth by all these things, saying only: "These be worldly."

And she goeth unto a book-store and buyeth a Bible, and she giveth it unto the lad. And the lad kisseth her upon the cheek, and saith: "Lo now, yea verily, I thank thee, aunt. Selah."

But I say unto you, that lad goeth off and getteth into a quiet place and communeth privily with himself, and maketh use of the word which he hath heard his father speak aforetime.

And the name of that word is Damn.

Now also is the young clergyman overwhelmed and covered wholly over with an avalanche of slippers and of shaving-paper cases. And on the day following the day called Christmas there shall come a man by the name of Solomon

Isaacs unto that young clergyman; and the same is a Jew.

And he shall deal with the clergyman, and shekels shall be passed between them, yea, even shekels of gold and of silver and of paper; and when that Jew goeth forth from the house of the clergyman, he shall bear with him certain slippers, yea, verily, and likewise various shaving-paper cases.

For lo now, I say unto you, there is guile in Gilead as well as elsewhere, and the promulgator of the truths of the Gospel getteth left no oftener than the rest of his species.

Selah.

## ONE GUM.

Just about this time the average man goes through the closets, trunks, boxes and barrels to find his last year's overshoes. After he has been looking around for some time he finds one shoe, and then he is comparatively happy, because he imagines the other one is somewhere near by. So he redoubles his efforts, and turns everything over again, and feels happy because he hasn't got to go and purchase a new pair. Just then his little boy, who is about eight years old, and too innocent to keep still, states that his brother, a boy of twelve, cut the other overshoe into strips and wound it into a ball, and put it inside of a home-made base-ball to make it bounce. Then the father grabs the larger boy, and hammers him with a boot so well that when he gets through the boot is about ready to be half-soled. But while he is out buying a new pair of overshoes, that boy who has been thrashed coaxes his brother off into a quiet place, and hammers the life half out of him for telling on him. And the next time the old gentleman is hunting for an odd overshoe that little boy will keep still, and, when questioned, say he knows nothing about it, whether he does or not.

## IN A DILEMMA



REPUBLICAN:—"Which foot shall I put out first?"

## Puckerings.

A SIDE-WALK—The Crab's.

A BLUE BIRD—The Turkey.

A SKIN-GAME—Stuffing Sausages.

THE HOUSE SURGEON—The Plumber.

THE "RESURGAM" BAKING-POWDER is the latest.

THE GLASS OF FASHION—A Champagne Cocktail.

A COMEDY OF THE RESTORATION—The Feud-ardent-Cesnola trial.

AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH—"S'pose we (hic) join—join the ladies?"

THE PLAY-HOUSE that's a tinder-box  
Soon becomes a cinder-box.

WE HOPE it is not true, as rumored, that one of America's most graceful and patriotic poets is about to enlarge his already picturesque name to Thomas Dunn English As She Is Spoke.

YOU ASK me why, though ill at ease,  
The cocktail made of gin I drink,  
And I reply: Because I think  
The cocktail then is just the cheese.  
—Baron Ten.

WHEN A man walks along the street shivering, these fine mornings, it is hard for him to realize that in a few months he will be running away from the city again to splash in the ocean.

AND ON these snowy mornings  
What doth your visions balk?  
Why, of course, the hideous rasping  
Of the shovel on the walk.

THE MISTRESS of a fashionable boarding-house can look about fifty uncomplimentary interrogations in one glance directed at the individual who has the temerity to dive into the pickle-jar with the sugar-tongs.

NE'ER STEP too boldly on the snow  
That does the paving-stone enwreath,  
For a slippery spot  
Of which you wot  
Not muchly may exist beneath.

THERE IS so much satirical talk about the smallness of our navy that we think it about high time the United States cleared itself by exhibiting its navy in some dime-museum, that the people might go and see for themselves.

OH, FOR a balmy summer night,  
Oh, for a gay mosquito-bite;  
Oh, for the tree-toad's rasping aria,  
Oh, for the mist of old malaria  
On these  
Cold days, when your ears and noses freeze.

THE MAN who gives a barrel of flour to a starving family never puts his name down for a thousand dollars for the renovation of a popular church, in order that it may appear in the public prints. And it may also be said that the man who makes it his business to donate sums of money to churches and cyclone sufferers, and puts his name down for publication, and not merely as a guarantee of good faith, never sends a barrel of flour to a starving family. And the moral of this little fact should teach us that there is a great deal of difference between genuine and autograph charity.

## NOT EXCLUSIVE.



BROWN:—"Confound it! Did you see me kiss this lady?"

BOY:—"Well, I'm not stone-blind."

BROWN:—"Here's fifty cents—you needn't say—"

BOY:—"Oh, it's all right. I've made over ten dollars off of her this summer and fall."

## BALLADE OF THE RESTORED GINVALID.

Oh, I am the man that was wheeled in a chair,  
When the flowers of the spring-time last did grow,  
When field and forest their green did wear,  
I was all tied up in a knot of woe.  
Every one thought I would have to go  
Under a fathom of grave-yard soil;  
Now I can spar, and ride, and row,  
Because I have dropped upon fusel-oil.

The rheumatism was everywhere—  
If I had n't been bald as a coot, you know,  
I believe 'twould have got a grip on my hair—  
And it twisted my manly frame up so  
That I got a bid from a circus-show  
To exhibit myself as the Living Coil;  
Now I am straight from head to toe,  
Because I have dropped upon fusel-oil.

I wore my bones pretty nearly bare,  
With walking around on my right el-bow;  
Now I can rave and romp and tear,  
And shovel and hoist and dig and hoe,  
Knock John L. Sullivan out with a blow,  
And the six-day records I now can spoil;  
I'm as supple as rubber, and soft as dough,  
Because I have dropped upon fusel-oil.

## ENVOI.

Scoffer and skeptical cuss, go slow!  
The rheumatism has found its foil;  
I could stand on my head in a ton of snow,  
Because I have dropped upon fusel-oil.

## THE CHRISTMAS MANIAC.

It was a most distinguished company. Never in the history of the lunatic asylum had so many eminent persons visited the establishment. President Arthur, Lord Tennyson, the Czar of Russia, John Kelly, Adelina Patti, the Prince of Wales, William S. Holman and others of equal reputation were in the party. Under the guidance of the Superintendent the visitors went through all the wards, and looked with kindness and sympathy on the specimens of wrecked humanity. Painful and terrible were the sights upon which they gazed. The male lunatics were not less sorrowfully interesting than those of the softer sex.

There was the young girl who had been disappointed in love, and had become the victim of the most acute form of melancholia. Then came the majestic old maid who imagined that she was Queen Elizabeth, and had constructed

for herself a throne of old soap-boxes. She wore a crown of newspaper, and grasped for a sceptre a fragment of an umbrella.

Among the men were a few violent ones, but the majority were harmless. There were many potentates who fancied that they ruled over countries of more or less importance. There were several great poets and authors, and the usual number of generals and statesmen.

Most of these patients seemed very much pleased with the visitors, and talked to them in the most affable manner. It was a red letter day in their calendar. There was, however, one of the inmates who appeared to keep aloof from the rest. He was well and fashionably dressed, and there was nothing about him in manner to indicate that he was not perfectly sane.

"I should like to talk to that man," said President Arthur to the Superintendent: "He seems so intelligent and gentlemanly in his demeanor. Will you introduce me?"

"I am sorry," answered the Doctor: "that I cannot do so. If I did, we should have to put him into a straight-waistcoat, and lock him in the padded room over night. That man refuses to make new acquaintances. Let a stranger talk to him, especially at this time of the year, and he becomes very violent indeed."

"Does he imagine himself to be Timour the Tartar or Alexander the Great?"

"Nothing of the sort."

"Does he labor under the delusion that the whole world is at his feet?" asked Adelina Patti.

"He has no delusions of any kind."

"But, Doctor," said the Czar of Russia: "the mere fact of a man not wishing to make new acquaintances cannot surely be considered a form of dementia."

"It is so, nevertheless, may it please Your Imperial Majesty, and under the circumstances there are very good reasons why he should be here."

"Doctor!" exclaimed several of the party: "we wish you would introduce us to this strange man, in order that we may see the effect."

"It is a cruel experiment," replied the Doctor: "but, considering the exalted character of the visitors, I will gratify you; follow me!"

The Doctor led the way to the apartments of the eccentric patient. They were elegantly

furnished. The book-shelves were crowded with the works of the best authors; on the walls hung rare paintings, and a handsome upright piano, on which was a violin, formed part of the furniture. The patient lifted his eyes from his book and bowed graciously.

"Now watch," said the Doctor, as he led President Arthur forward: "My friend," he continued, addressing the lunatic: "this is Merry Christmas-time, and I want to introduce to you Mr.—"

The sentence was not finished, for in another moment the whole party were scampering along the corridor, pursued by the handsome but furious patient armed with a chair and poker. His eyes flashed angry fire, and his face was livid with rage and passion. When the fugitives had reached a place of safety, the Doctor laughed:

"He'll be all right by-and-by—he'll cool off in about an hour. Rather a rough sort of thing to do, though."

"Can you tell me that man's history?" inquired the Czar.

"Yes, Your Majesty, I heard it from his friends when he came under my charge. No man ever started in life under better auspices. He was naturally of a generous disposition, and even on a slender income took great delight in making presents to his friends. He rarely met a young lady without sending her a bouquet the next day. His florist's bill, when he earned but a thousand dollars a year, was at least one-fourth of that amount for that time. Business prospered with him, and the value of his gifts increased with his prosperity. His circle of acquaintance was very large, and very happy were they who knew him, for they were always sure of costly presents at Christmas. This generosity on his part naturally made him very popular, and everybody sought his friendship. He spent one summer at a fashionable Saratoga hotel, was introduced to all the eight hundred guests in it, and naturally sent each one of them at Christmas a handsome token of his regard and esteem. This cost him ten thousand dollars. Then he journeyed to Europe in a large Cunarder. He made the acquaintance of everybody on board, with a like result. Four hundred of the cabin-passengers were all liberally remembered by him at Christmas.

"On the homeward voyage he went through the steerage of the vessel with some of the officers. There were nine hundred emigrants on board. He spoke to each one, took their addresses, and sent them all Christmas presents. In addition to this, there were two hundred persons in the saloon, all of whom were added to his list of persons who had claims on him. Soon after his return he was seized with a fit of melancholy. He admitted that it arose from the fear that he might have forgotten somebody who was entitled to a Christmas present. The cost did not concern him in the least, so long as his business yielded him a good income. Then came a monetary panic in which he did not suffer; but his anxiety was so great that it ultimately developed into a mild form of insanity. He believed firmly that it was necessary for him to make each one of the fifty million inhabitants of the United States a gift at Christmas, and he was not quite certain that every human being on the face of the globe was not entitled to recognition in the same way. Then his friends interfered. They sent him to me, and you know the rest. He leads a calm, happy and peaceful life; but under no circumstances will he allow strangers to make his acquaintance. He thinks he will be obliged to give them Christmas presents.

"That is the story, and it appears to me, Mr. President," added the Doctor: "that this peculiar patient and I are the only sane men in the place."

B. B. VALENTINE.



## HE DIDN'T KNOW.

The other day, as a train on the Pennsylvania road was whirling out of Grinder, a man stopped the conductor, who had just entered the car, and said:

"Can you tell me who started the story of Washington and his little hatchet?"

"I cannot," replied the conductor, who made an effort to walk away.

"Hey!" said the traveler.

The conductor turned and came back.

"Sit down for a minute; I want to talk to you."

The conductor sat down.

"Who was the man in the iron mask?"

"I don't know," said the conductor.

"Who wrote the Junius Letters?"

"Never heard of them," replied the conductor.

"Who sawed Courtney's boat?"

"Can't tell you."

"Do you know the cognomen of the individual who gained fame and notoriety by caroming upon the picturesque dial of the late-lamented W. Patterson?"

"I do not."

"Who is going to be our next President?"

"I don't know."

"Will he be a Democrat or a Republican?" inquired the traveler.

"That I am unable to say," replied the conductor.

"If a Congressman goes to Congress only with a view to making money, how much can he make if he has average good luck?"

The conductor shook his head negatively.

"Who invented the 'thirteen puzzle'?"

"Never heard," replied the conductor, as he worked his punch on the air.

"Why are brewers always fat and rosy?"

The conductor again shook his head in a manner to indicate that that was a subject upon which he was not posted.

"Then, why is a poet always pale and thin?"

"Don't know anything about poets," responded the commander-in-chief of the snail-train, as he rubbed a lustre on one of his brass sleeve-buttons after almost blowing his life out on it.

"Why is pie unwholesome?"

"I ain't Dio Lewis!" responded the railroad official, haughtily.

"What's good for chilblains?" inquired the traveler.

"I ain't an M. D., sir!"

"What are the best rules to be observed in fattening turkeys for the table?"

"Don't know anything about agriculture," responded the railroad official, as he took his cap off and brushed his hair back out of his eyes with his hand.

"Now, suppose you owned a farm."

"Yes," smiled the R. R. official.

"And suppose there was a big swamp in it."

"Yes."

"And suppose that fenugreek should get into that swamp."

"Yes."

"Then how would you get the fenugreek out?"

Then the railroad man got mad and said:

"Why do you ask me all these questions?"

And the traveler replied:

"Because I have always heard that railroad men never know anything about a railroad. They never know where the train stops for dinner, or the time when the train leaves one place or arrives at another. And as they never know anything about railroads, I thought I would ascertain if they know anything on any other subject. That's why I have questioned you."

And as the conductor left, he looked as though he would like to grab the traveler by the ear and punch that useful member like a ticket about fifty or sixty times.

R. K. M.

It is stated that many girls wear seal-skin sacques in order that they may eat all the ice-cream they want.

## NEW YEAR'S NONSENSE.



"Confound (hic) the card-basket, anyhow!"

## THE BANK TELLER.

He is the envy and admiration of everybody, from the little boy who comes in for change of five dollars to the merchant seeking a renewal of his note. The charming grace and playful dexterity with which he handles the twenty-dollar notes would capture the heart of a Bowery pickpocket.

He is rarely polite, almost invariably giving his answers in monosyllabic grunts. This is probably done in order to discourage any undue familiarity that might arise from his being agreeable to customers, and thus detract from the calm dignity of his exalted position.

This is unfortunate, as, no matter how cranky you may be by nature, you invariably feel, after having a check cashed, like offering him a cigar as a slight token of your admiration and goodwill, and yet you hesitate to do so for fear of offending his dignity.

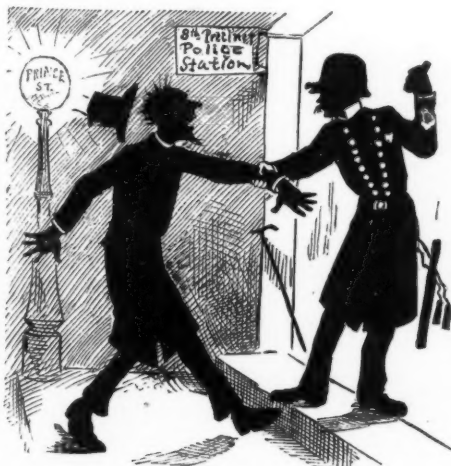
Yes, he is a very difficult character to approach—except with a detective-warrant—and the only time of day that he can be safely propitiated is just a few minutes before closing. Come in, say, at a quarter before three, when he is balancing his cash, and lay down a large deposit consisting chiefly of one and two-dollar bills. His countenance will immediately light up with undisguised delight, and he will smile upon you sweetly, and engage in an interesting conversation on the theory of evolution or some other popular topic.

Whenever you have occasion to ask him a question, and he happens to be engaged in counting a huge pile of bills, wait till he arrives at the middle of the pile, and then propound your conundrum; but on no account wait till he gets through counting, as your presence might make him nervous. He condescends to descend from the lofty pedestal of his dignity during the meeting of the Board of Directors, immediately after a Wall Street crash.

The Bank Teller is, however, a great institution.

It is called "sponge-cake" because it absorbs your gastric juice and trifles with it.

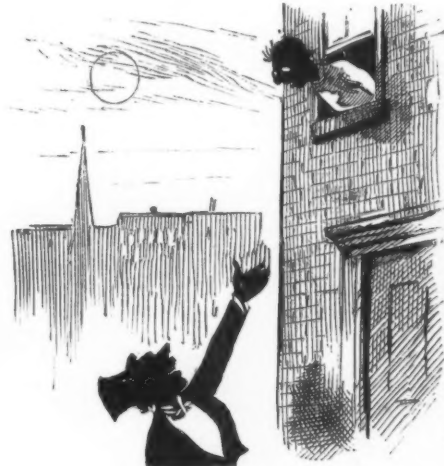
THIS is the time of the year at which your mother-in-law becomes friendly, and sends a barrel of apples to you from the country, and a lot of butter rolled up in salted linen. This leads to a friendly correspondence, and in two weeks the old lady comes down and settles for the winter, and expects you to take her to the theatre or the opera every night in the week.



FESTIVE SOUL:—"Ladies in?"  
POLICE DOORMAN:—"No, but never mind that; come in, anyhow!"



YOUNG LADY:—"Oh, Mr. Prettyfull, you have put the goblets in your hat!"  
MR. PRETTYFULL:—"Why, you see (hic), it's to balance me—see?"



OLD PARTY:—"Well, what in thunder is it?"  
YOUNG PARTY:—"It's a New Year's call (hic), don't yer un'stand?"  
OLD PARTY:—"Well, go 'way—go 'way!"  
YOUNG PARTY:—"Why, I've (hic) jus' come!"

## DOCTOR DIZART'S DOG.

## A SKETCH.



MAN whose mother-in-law had been successfully treated by the doctor, one day presented him with a beautiful Italian hound named Nemesis. When I say that the able physician had treated the mother-in-law successfully, I mean successfully from her son-in-law's standpoint, and not from

her own, for the doctor insisted on treating her for small-pox when she had nothing but an attack of agnostics. She is now sitting on the front stoop of the golden whence.

So after the last sad rites the broken-hearted son-in-law presented the physician with a handsome hound with long slender legs and a wire tail as a token of his esteem and regard.

The dog was young and playful, as all young dogs are, so he did many little tricks which amused almost every one.

One day, while the doctor was away administering a subcutaneous injection of morphine to a hay-fever patient, he left Nemesis in the office alone with a piece of rag-carpet and his surging thoughts.

At first Nemesis closed his eyes and breathed hard, then he arose and ate part of an ottoman, then he got up and scratched the paper off the office wall and whined in a sad tone of voice.

A young Italian hound has a peculiarly sad and depressing song.

Then Nemesis got up on the desk and poured the ink and mucilage into one of the drawers on some bandages and condition-powders that the doctor used in his horse-practice.

Nemesis then looked out of the window and wailed. He filled the room with robust wail and unavailing regret.

After that he tried to dispel his *ennui* with one of the doctor's old felt hats that hung on a chair; but the hair-oil with which it was saturated changed his mind.

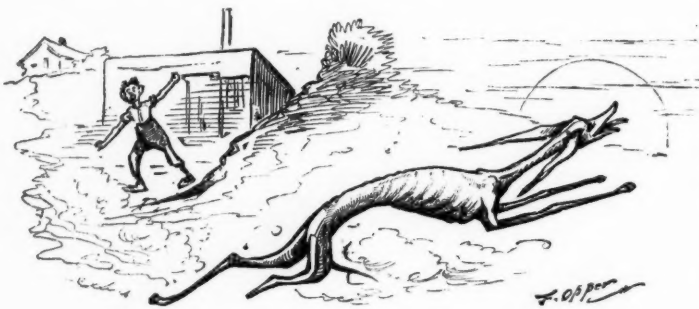
The doctor had Magenta hair, and to tone it down so that it would not raise the rate of fire insurance on his office, he used to execute some studies on it in oil—bear's oil.

This gave his hair a rich mahogany shade, and his hat smelled and looked like an oil-refinery.

That is the reason Nemesis spared the hat, and ate a couple of porous-plasters that his master was going to use on a case of croup.

At that time the doctor came in, and the dog ran to him with a glad cry of pleasure, rubbing his cold nose against his master's hand. The able veterinarian spoke roughly to Nemesis, and throwing a cigar-stub at him, broke two of the animal's delicate legs.

After that there was a low discordant murmur and the angry hum of medical works, lung-testers, glass jars containing tumors and other bric-à-brac, paper-weights and Italian grayhound bisecting the orbit of a red-headed horse-physician with dude shoes.



When the police came in it was found that Nemesis had jumped through a glass door and escaped on two legs and his ear.

Out through the autumnal haze, across the intervening plateau, over the low foot-hills, and up the Medicine Bow Range, on and ever onward sped the timid, grieved and broken-hearted pup, accumulating with wonderful eagerness the intervening distance between himself and the cruel promoter of the fly-blister and lingering death.

How often do we thoughtlessly grieve the hearts of those who love us, and drive forth into the pitiless world those who would gladly lick our hands with their warm loving tongues, or warm their cold noses in the meshes of our necks.

How prone we are to forget the devotion of a dumb brute that thoughtlessly eats our lace lambrequins, and ere we have stopped to consider our mad course, we have driven the loving heart and the warm wet tongue and the cold little black nose out of our home-life, perhaps into the cold, cold grave or the bleak and relentless pound.

BILL NYE.

## THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

## HIS ASTOUNDING INVENTION.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. A MACHINE THAT WILL TURN OUT FIVE HUNDRED MILLION EGGS A DAY. BILLIONS IN IT!

You may well say that progress is the order of the day.

Light comes pouring in upon the people of the nineteenth century from every conceivable direction.

The steam-engine, the electric-light, the Brooklyn Bridge, Elevated railroads and oilmargarine were unknown a hundred years ago.

And now the world is about to be startled by another great invention.

This is an entirely new invention, and quite original with me; for it is my own idea. I have been working on it now for many years, and success has at last crowned my patient labors.

It has been known for many years that it is possible to make artificial legs, and so I said to myself, one day, if we can make artificial legs, why not make artificial eggs?

The difference is less than one would at first think.

Artificial legs—

Artificial eggs.

Observe the similarity.

This gave me a cue or a clew, which I followed up persistently to final and complete success.

Then, again, there is oilmargarine, which has proved such a glorious substitute for the usual bread and biscuit lubricant; and if it is within the province of brains and machinery to make artificial butter, it is too clear for argument that we can as easily make artificial eggs.

As I have patented the process, I take pleasure in presenting it to the world, through the medium of your ubiquitous columns.

First, then, you lay the foundation of the egg by making the yolk. This can be made of yellow ochre, soft-soap, bee's-wax and turpentine, or any other similar ingredients that are soluble, and that may be held in solution.

Around this you put the *white*, which may be made of gelatine, in thin and coagulous solution, or of Venice turpentine and benzine, or any other substance of an albuminous character, so decimated and amalgamated as to closely resemble the Original Jacobs; and then the great art is to manipulate these deliquescent substances in such a way as to fix the yolk exactly in the centre and keep it there.

This is the work of expert artisans. No ordinary mechanic or artist can do this. It requires years of practice, a skillful and sensitive hand, and even then it is not easy of accomplishment, unless the compounds are reduced to an exact consistency.

And then the shell! Ah, this is a marvel of mechanical skill! This is another evidence of the triumph of genius over the rough and ungenial asperities of nature. This is high art.

Lime, calcareous minerals, vitreous cement, Burgundy pitch, Castile soap and white-lead are the ingredients. These are ground together, and reduced to the proper consistency with fluid alcohol, and then are placed in the mould, which opens like a bottle-mould, and when it is closed, the compound is blown against the inner side of the mould, exactly like a bottle; then the mould is opened again, the albuminous substance, with the yolk poised in the centre, is placed in the shell, the mould again closed, to allow the sides of the shell to adhere, and when it is dry you have a perfectly encysted ovum, as close an imitation to nature as it is possible to make it. When made up into omelette, even a *connoisseur* would not be able to tell the difference.

The profits of this business are simply enormous. Eggs, as made by hens, cost about three to four cents apiece, and then about half of them are addle. Our eggs, as we manufacture them, can be made at a prime cost of about two cents a dozen, and can be furnished to the trade, wholesale, at five cents, leaving a margin of profit of over two per cent.

Hens may as well retire from the business. Their occupation is about the same as gone. Hereafter they will be doomed to early execution, in the days of their pullet-hood.

Another great advantage of our eggs over all others is that they never spoil. They will keep for all time, and always be fresh and juicy.

I want agents to introduce these eggs in all parts of the country. Territory for sale at fabulous prices. Farmers, ministers, defeated candidates, members of State legislatures and others who have no profitable employment in the long winter evenings will find this a pleasant and most eggstraordinarily remunerative avocation. I have all the implements and ingredients, which I can furnish at the same price. Mills for turning out these eggs at the rate of over five hundred million a day are now in course of construction.

This is the biggest scheme I have struck yet. It knocks the patent-medicine business higher than the peak of Chimborazo.\* I am now on the high road to wealth, fame and honor, and my name will be handed down to future generations, along with those of Fulton and Morse and Edison and Keely and the other fellow who invented the sausage-machine.

I am delirious with joy over my success. I consider myself a great public benefactor, and I am ready to be nominated again for President of the United States, and trust I will not be counted out this time.

Yours excitedly,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.



## HOW HE WENT.

Well, pardner, yer see I'm a-dying,  
I reckon there is n't much hope,  
Though the doctor, when he come this morning—  
(There 's the bottle of larracadope

That he brought; pitch the stuff out o' winder)—  
Says he, "Don't yer fear; yer 'll pull through.  
I'm a dandy, when fever 's the racket,  
And I think I can knock it for *you*."

But I guess old Doc Grass is mistaken,  
So I'll state what I want yer to say,  
When yer write to the folks in Missouri—  
Yer must send them a yarn right away.

Just tell 'em I passed in my checks, Bill,  
But don't sling it at 'em kerflop;  
Just wrap up the news kinder toothsome,  
So 's to give 'em an easier drop.

Say I 've bin a good pardner to you, Bill;  
Say I 've acted right squar', like a man—  
I guess you can state my character,  
For if *you* can't, there 's nobody can.

Tell the old folks to think of me sometimes,  
For I thought of them up to the last,  
And tell old man Hicks's gal, Alice,  
That I whispered her name as I passed.

And tell 'em I died kinder peaceful,  
A-trusting in Him who 's above,  
And if you miss everything else, Bill,  
Don't forgit for to send 'em my love.

Yer know that lone crook'd-looking cedar,  
'Bout twenty-five yards from the spring,  
That stands at the head of the canyon,  
Where you shot that big bird on the wing.

Right thar 's where I want yer to plant me,  
And carve out my name on a stone;  
So 's if some one comes out thar prospecting,  
They 'll let *my* quarter-section alone.

God bless yer! old true-hearted pardner,  
I know that yer 'll grieve for me some;  
But on the bright ranch over there, Bill,  
I'll watch all the time till you come.

S. H. D.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A SYSTEM-  
ATIC YOUNG MAN.

*January 1st.*—Dressed myself with extreme care, and glanced over my calls. I know that the custom is dying out, and that it is no longer considered fashionable; but it suits me to take this mode of paying off social obligations. Let me make some memoranda.

My first call will be on the McMuffins. Know what I shall get there. No spread; but old McMuffins will call me into the library, and give me "a dhrop of the crathur," as he calls it. Lots of money, old McMuffins. Seven daughters, all single. Mother McMuffins's orders are that none of the girls shall be married until the eldest Miss McM. is disposed of. She is thirty-four. I have my eye on Miss Mamie McMuffins. She is the fourth, and not bad-looking. I suppose I must wait patiently.

The next on the list is the family of the Squeegees. Two girls—Lulu and Rosina. Young and gushy. Old woman an invalid. Mean sort of cuss, the father. Cuts down the salaries of his clerks, and is known down-town as a regular cheese-parer. There will probably be a spread at the Squeegees'; but it will not be bountiful. Lemonade about as thin as the circus article—this is usually made by dropping the skin of a lemon into a pail of Croton-water—some stale cake and a few dyspeptic apples.

The Smyths come next. A big house; showy people. Live on Fifth Avenue, above their means. Wonder what I shall get there? Let me think. What did they give me last year? I know; coffee, cakes and ice-cream. Yes, and there was some claret-punch. I hate that kind of hog-wash. Perhaps, if they receive, they may have sense enough this year to give their visitors at least a decent glass of sherry. The Smyths are very proud of their name because it is not Smith; and the family is really quite an old one. They call themselves Knickerbockers; but I have discovered the truth. Their great-

## ONE OF THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.



DISGUSTED HOUSE-HOLDER:—"WHERE'S THE REST OF THE GANG?"

great-grandfather was a butcher-bcy, and afterward earned considerable reputation as a maker of sausages.

The Smyths now put on a great deal of style, and have a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. But I must not forget the Bananieros. They are Americanized Italians. The girls have rich dark velvety eyes and hair as black as Erebus. It is said that old Bananiero used to shine boots for a living, and when business was bad would turn his attention to the sale of matches by the box. At their house I am certain to get some good Chianti and an unlimited supply of spaghetti.

Must positively manage to see the Grumleys. A duty call. Mrs. Grumley is a very fat Scotch woman. Her husband is of English descent, and a Minnesota backwoodsman. He always looks awkward in his clothes. He made money in pork and lumber. Should not be at all surprised to find on the table plenty of beer, Scotch whiskey, and some thick ham-sandwiches. Must call on Dr. Atomkix. He is a homœopath. He does not doctor me. Nor have I any respect for homœopathy; but I visit him, nevertheless.

There is an attraction there. It is a young woman. The only thing against her is that her father is a crank on the subject of medicine. I look upon all men who call themselves homœopaths as cranks. But Dr. Atomkix does carry out his theory of infinitesimal doses in the matter of eating and drinking. How the table will groan under the delicacies of the season! Partridge, quail, boned turkey, oysters in every style, game-pie, hot soup, fruit—and no one has in his cellar a finer or a greater variety of wines than Dr. Atomkix. And I must stop, or the mere enumeration of these things will make me lose my appetite. I shall try to strike the house about two o'clock, and shall be there the remainder of the day with—ah! but shall I write her name? Zenobia—there, I have written it. What a darling she is! All is now ready, the coupé is at the door—I am off.

The *Art Age* is published monthly by the proprietor, Mr. Arthur B. Turnure. Number four is notable not only on account of its interesting contents, but also for its graceful typography. There is a circular on the first page in four different languages; so that other nationalities besides our own may have their æsthetic appetite appeased in some degree.

## Answers for the Anxious.

WHEELMAN.—Much obliged—but they're a little too technical.

WEIGH OFF.—No, you cannot weigh down on the Swanee River.

WILL R.—Certainly. Only you have got to be funny at your own risk.

BO HE.—Good enough; but too much of it. Too much pie for the plate.

ALPHEUS.—We understand your case. This season is apt to produce a gloom that permeates the innermost sappiness of a man's spirit. But that isn't any reason for letting depression overpower you, and burst out in comic poetry. Control your feelings and be a man.

LOON A. TICQUE.—So you went and told the sexton, did you, and the sexton tolled the bell? Well, you and the sexton are a little bit belated on that joke. If you had lived in Hood's time you might have had a show with it; but at present it isn't worth its face value.

JAMES MULREADY.—It all depends. If it was your cow that broke into the Collector's pasture—why, then, it is one thing; but if, on the other hand, it was the queer little baby with the top-joint of his thumb off who accused the carpenter of circumlocution—why, dear boy, we may be wrong, but that's the only way in which we can look at it.

S. S. S.—Thank you for the information. Yes, we are well aware of the fact that the man who directs our foreign policy is a scamp, a sneak, a cutthroat, a vile ignoramus, a horse-thief, a hypocrite, a liar and a venal perjurer. But it was left for you to call him a weather-prophet and a plumber.

"The Story of Nell Gwyn" is a handsome volume, with a portrait of the lady. John Wiley's Sons have undertaken to let the world know all about the famous actress through the medium of their publishing house. The book contains also some sayings of Charles the Second. We have not undertaken to learn them by heart; but they are probably quite as wise as those of the late Mr. Brigham Young. Peter Cunningham is the man who relates the story, which originally decked the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a publication much affected by British swells.

A collage of cartoon panels illustrating various time-related scenarios. The panels are tilted and overlapping, creating a sense of chaotic time. The scenes include:

- HARD TIME:** A man in a top hat struggles to carry a large sack.
- HIGH TIME:** A tall clock tower with a spire.
- BEHIND TIME:** A man in a top hat runs quickly.
- SAFE:** A man in a top hat stands next to a safe.
- CORRECT TIME:** A man holds a clock, looking at it.
- LOST TIME:** A man with a camera and a hat looks confused.
- CASH CREDIT:** A man stands next to a cash register.
- 1884:** A man holds a torch, with the year '1884' written in the air.
- TIME'S UP:** A man in a top hat stands next to a clock.

HARD  
TIME.

NIGHT  
TIME.

199.

CORRECT  
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44

205, 206





TIMELY ILLUSTRATIONS FOR 1884.

## THE HOTEL DOG.

I met him in Western Pennsylvania, and he was the most sociable of all the sociable dogs I ever met. As I walked up to the hotel he was sitting on the door-step with tears—caused to flow by the early winter wind—coursing slowly down his cheeks. When I had almost reached the door he fixed both eyes upon me in a rather pathetic sort of way, as though he had seen me somewhere before, and was puzzling himself to place me.

He was naturally a very savage-looking dog, and his ears, perhaps more than anything else, served to inspire fear in the human breast. He was a low, thick-set, stocky dog, about three-quarters bull, and so bow-legged that each pair looked like a croquet-wicket. His tail, or rather what was left of it, was too short for any boy to tie a can to, provided any boy could be found who would care to undertake the contract.

In short, he hadn't tail enough to wag, and when anything struck him so favorably as to cause him to feel justified in making a wild demonstration of joy, he wriggled the small of his back in a manner which showed that he quite forgot his misfortune, and fondly dreamed for the time being that he had a tail, and that it was wagging in perfect harmony with the dictates of his heart.

He hadn't any ears to speak of. They were removed, probably, in his puphood, and they were removed so clumsily that the dog found it impossible to look dignified, even upon serious occasions. If he stood up in a bold and defiant attitude, it was only to become an object of good-natured satire. But in other respects those ears were of service to him. They made other dogs, who could have eaten him up without half trying, sneak along behind fences, because they thought he had lost his ears fighting, and figured up his ability by the absolute gameness it must have required to go through such ordeals.

Besides, as he had no ears or tail to cling to and chew, and as he always wore a collar about two inches wide, they concluded they would be too greatly handicapped to have any chance with him.

Those vagabonds little dreamed that the ears of the hotel dog had simply been rounded off clumsily with a pair of shears, and that he had never fought in his life; but was always noted for the gentle manner in which he avoided dissension and courted peace.

And yet, in spite of the fact that he was a quiet, house-loving dog, it was difficult not to identify him with the fighting-dog when the stumps of his ears were erected by some passing excitement. They looked like a couple of clam-shells.

And then he was so good-natured that he would answer to any name. Call him Jack, and he would walk right over and make friends with you, and you would conclude Jack to be his given name. If you were to call him Lydia the next moment, he would come to you on a clumsy amble so full of pathos that it would melt your heart, and you would feel sure that Lydia was his middle name.

I thought I detected in this insinuating quadruped the elements of a subtle fraud, because he looked as pathetically and affectionately at every one else as he did at me. He would occasionally exchange winks with the proprietor, who was standing behind the desk, in a manner that satisfied me that they were in collusion, and that the extreme good nature of both was only affected for the sake of business.

They looked as though they had been trained in the same school, and I fancy yet that if any traveler had had the temerity to walk out without liquidating his indebtedness, that dog would have reminded him of his mistake.

As I sat in the waiting-room, reading a paper

by the large open fire that was crackling pleasantly away, I was somewhat surprised to see the good-natured face of the dog thrust gently under the lower part of the paper, after a few preliminary rubs on my knee with his nose. And when he thrust his head under the paper, he rested his chin gently upon my knees and looked calmly up in my face. And as he did this a sort of half-remembered home-feeling came over me, and I thought of the old days when I was dog-struck myself. And as the dog looked at me so fondly, so intently, my suspicion of his collusion with the hotel man was removed.

Then I thought I would see if he was in any way like the dogs I was once acquainted with. So I gently raised my foot on his back, and worked my heel up and down his spine a few times. In an instant he was raking his side with one of his hind-legs; then he stopped and raked the opposite side of himself with the other hind-leg until he was almost exhausted. After this he cast a grateful look at me, fell on the floor like a gentle benediction, and rolled around to his heart's content.

Then he walked up and down the room, and rubbed himself against my shins as he passed. And every time he rubbed against me it seemed to do him good, for his face sparkled and glowed, and he wore his heart in his eyes.

He was just like the dogs I used to know on Long Island. It is all right to say that boys will be boys; so will dogs be dogs. Neither ever change much, and this fact may probably be attributed to the two coming together, and finding so much sincerity and good-fellowship in each other's society. There we sat and looked at each other, and in a sort of mellow day-dream I floated back about fifteen years, and never realized that I was not a happy school-boy until I looked up from the earnest gaze of the dog, and found myself in a strange room among strange faces.

When the train left that afternoon, I looked out of the car-window, and saw the dog sitting on the door-step, as though trying to see me off; and he was sitting there still as the train rolled around a curve and swept him from my vision.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## IN ANGUISH PENNED.



Pink pretty cheeks of beauty, moved  
By melting mood to be  
So close to mine, that, though reprov'd  
By stiff propriety,  
I cannot curb a wish to test  
Your blush-bright bit of bliss,  
Pregnant with joy as birds that rest  
Where small winds meet and kiss;  
It makes my sad soul sick to know  
Deception dwells in you, for, though  
Your darling owner's low voice speaks  
Nor praise nor blame—in truth  
You get your glow, pink pretty cheeks,  
From Judkin's "Dab of Youth"!

E. W.

THE *Manhattan* for January prints a poem called "The Door-keeper"; but it doesn't say anything about that dignitary picking up a would-be dead-head and throwing him head first out into the sewer.

I SLIP, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Where citizens in pride walk;  
And then I ride upon my back  
Along the city side-walk.

—Baron Ten.

A YOUNG MAN recently ascertained that they had a certain grade of whiskey for sale for family use, and called for the pocket-edition. He got a flask.

## A LITTLE BLACK ELEPHANT.



OLD BACHELOR.—"Here, policeman, I found this this morning."  
MEMBER OF THE FINEST.—"Well, you know, 'findings is keepings.'"



## LOGAN'S PLAN TO GET RID OF THE SURPLUS.



LOGAN:—"IT'LL MAKE A MAGNIFICENT CAMPAIGN FUND—AND HELP MY LITTLE BOOM NICELY."

The Senate was hardly organized before Mr. Logan introduced two bills, one "for pensioning prisoners of war who were confined in Confederate prisons during the late war," and the other "to equalize the bounties of soldiers, sailors and marines of the late war for the Union."  
—New York Sun, Dec. 17th, 1883.

## A SPOILED CHILD.

UNSPOILED BY BIRCH.

Mr. Adolphus Mario Smith was the only son of a wealthy merchant. Young Adolphus being an only son, was always allowed to do as he pleased, and was, in every sense of the term, a spoiled child. When he was seven years old, he one day climbed up on a barrel and appropriated a jar of currant-jam, and after he had eaten all he could, he thought it would be a good joke to paint the dog with it.

The dog was a sleek bull, as white as snow, and when young Adolphus put on the first daub, it struck him that it would be a brilliant idea to keep on decorating the patient quadruped until he should have every appearance of being a cardinal coach-dog.

When he had the dog about half covered with jam his father came home from business, and as the dog saw him enter the house his joy knew no bounds.

He jumped away from the youthful decorator like a flash of lightning, and in another instant he was barking his wild heart-felt joy, and jumping up on his master's shirt-front in order to lick his face properly. Every jump he made he wiped about a yard of jam off on Mr. Smith, and then, to vary matters, he ran across the room and jumped into Mrs. Smith's lap, and rolled around until she looked like a circus-poster.

Now what did they both do? Did they stop thinking of everything else and grab young Adolphus Mario Smith, and dance all over him, and then remove him to the barn and thrash him for ten or fifteen minutes with a rake, and then put him to bed without any dinner?

They did not. They did nothing at all to disturb young Adolphus. They thought it a capital joke, and an unmistakable evidence of the great precocity of their child.

On another occasion he took a pair of scissors and cut all the hair off the cat. In a like manner he cut the feathers off a number of chickens about the place, and he was not interfered with or punished. His parents laughed at it over the table and told all their friends about it.

A short time after this Adolphus noticed that the cat had a great habit of climbing up a maple-tree out in the yard to get out of danger. Whenever a dog would bark, or some boy would shout "scat!" the feline would fly up that tree like a squirrel.

So Adolphus caught the cat, tied a long stout cord to her tail, and gave her a kick. In an instant the cat was up in the tree, and then the boy pulled her down again. Up went the cat once more, only to be hauled back. This thing kept up until the string slipped off the cat's tail at about five o'clock in the afternoon. The cat and Adolphus Mario Smith never met afterward.

This will show how Adolphus was spoiled, and why he neglected his business, when growing up, by going out at noon to play pool for drinks and staying two hours, and telling his employer that he had to stand on a line an hour at the stamp-window in the post-office. It will also show why he stays out until all hours of the A. M. playing poker.

But he would be a good boy to-day if he had been knocked out with a fence-picket about ten times a day at that period of his life when he was decorating the dog with currant-jam and trying sanguinary experiments on the cat.

## BUTTER.

I have been asked to write a scientific article on butter. I am sorry that I have never given that exhaustive and patient study to the subject which is necessary in all scientific writings. But I will try to do my best; and, at all events, I cannot fail, for I have it on very good authority that there is no such word.

I have always been accustomed, when about to write a scientific article, to go first to the dictionary and find out the exact meaning of my subject. In this way I have at once avoided many serious mistakes in subject matter, (sometimes called "printers' blunders,") and at the same time have often dispelled some orthographical misconceptions of my own, which might have prejudiced my manuscript in the eyes of the editor.

Accordingly I assail the subject of butter by thrusting my finger in at the second chapter of Mr. Webster's delightful little monograph on the English language, and turning to the adjectives, "but," etc., find that "butter" is described as "an oily, unctuous substance, obtained from cream or milk by churning."

I believe Mr. Webster is nearly right. If he had added that butter was of two kinds, bald and hirsute, he would have been more absolutely correct. But then, classification is no part of definition. It is my part to classify—Mr. Webster's to define.

As this is, I believe, the first purely scientific article ever written on the subject of butter, I shall take the liberty of being somewhat precise in my classification. I shall first divide the kingdom Butter into two great sub-kingdoms, as foreshadowed in my criticism of Mr. Webster's definitions.

I. *Butterus hirsutus* or Hairy Butter; and

II. *Butterus levis*, Smooth, or Bald Butter.

*Butterus hirsutus* is of three kinds: 1. Goats; 2. Grocer's butter; and 3. Oilymargarine. Bald butter comprises but two kinds: 1. Farmer's butter, and 2. Axle-grease.

Of the three kinds of hairy butter the first is the strongest, the second the most hairy, and the third the freshest. The distinction between the two kinds of bald butter is that the first comes in tubs and the second on hubs. Farmer's butter is most used at the North, axle-grease at the South.

I once bought a pound of grocer's butter, and had it delivered at the house. When I came home in the evening, I noticed that my wife had a new switch on her head of remarkable size and glossiness. I was about to fall into a tremendous passion—for it was only the day before that I had cautioned her about hair-dressers' bills—when she put her hand playfully over my mouth, and whispered:

"Hush, hush! it was the butter."

She then went on to explain that she had extracted with her own hands a ten-dollar switch from thirty cents' worth of butter. That night I was a poor man. To-day I am a bloated millionaire, and wear diamonds. I invested in grocer's butter and made switches.

"Oleomargarine" I have had in the house; but I never could make anything out of it, except by selling the name to novel-writers at an advance of ten per cent a pound. It makes a very pretty name for sentimental heroines. I have a large and choice assortment of the first three syllables still remaining, which I will sell in lots, at prices to suit the trade.

Of goats I think the less said the better. They are a very inconvenient kind of butter to handle. My wife keeps a goat, which she calls William—after me, I suppose. But William and I are not friends.

There are only two ways to get along comfortably in the same family with a goat. One is not to go near him, and the other is to keep away from him altogether. I have tried both

ways; but still I am by no means personally exempt from experience on the subject of goats. I have known William intimately—sometimes more intimately than at others—for more than six years. If he were not my wife's dearest protector, I think I should cut him for good. I should do it just behind the ears.

Farmer's butter is pretty good—that is, it is very dear. It comes in tubs, as I have already stated, and when it is not strong enough to carry the tub, the farmers wrap it in pieces of old salted linen, and this gives it strength. Farmers are very fond also of putting what they call "butter-color" into the tub, to take away the death-like pallor of its contents. I have been accustomed to buy my carrots in this way for several seasons past, and I find it a great saving. To be sure, the butter is not quite as nice as the pure lard-like product would be; but it looks better in company, and then, too, "gilt-edged" and "golden seal" are such beautiful and high-toned expressions for the head of the table to use, as he loads up the butter-plates and slings them around to each guest.

Axle-grease I never tasted—never had a burning curiosity to, either. It is said to be very popular in Southern hotels, but that I can not vouch for by experience. I have been contemplating a trip South; but think I shall hold off until I can afford to have a Saratoga trunk made with refrigerator compartments, so that I can carry fifty or a hundred tubs of farmer's butter along with me.

PAUL PASTNOR.

#### THE GHOST OF THE "PINAFORE."

It was midnight—mid-last-night. A young man with an auburn complexion, curly red teeth and alabaster hair was standing at the junction of Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. He was gazing upon the star-strewn fields of illimitable space which glimmered above him in ethereal mildness. A sad and thoughtful look was on the young man's countenance. His curling lip spoke a whole epic poem—

"Each eye a sermon, and his brow a homily."

Thought and sorrow were written all over him, from the crown of his once shinerful dicer even unto the soles of his pegged-out shoes. Ever and anon his dexter hand slid slowly but surely into his overcoat-pocket and drew forth a small but significant brown bottle. The young man elevated this to his lips and slowly raised its bottom toward the silent far-off stars, while a soft and melodious gurgle fell upon the chill wind of night. When this operation was completed, the young man sighed a sinful, sighful sigh. Suddenly he started, shuddered and glanced around in a frightened manner. Then he hurriedly consulted his pocket-companion once more. Again he started, peered into the surrounding gloom, and rubbed his eyes. What was it he saw?

A few yards away, approaching him with steady, resistless sweep, was a wagon drawn by a horse more sorrowful than Rosinante. The wagon was laden with strange fantastic shapes, evidently made of canvas, stretched on wooden frames and painted. Here was the shattered foremast of "some tall admiral," with the shreds of a storm-beaten sail hanging from a yard-arm. There was a section of the bulwarks, old, worm-eaten, repulsive. Here again was something which looked like the end of a cabin with a flight of steps leading to its roof. All were aged and rotting. On the front of the wagon stood a ghastly, hollow-eyed spectre, clad in what was once a sailor's costume, but was now a bundle of tatters. He was singing—if it could be called singing—in a low mournful tone, an old, old tune of days long since dead. When he saw the terrified young man holding fast to a lamp-post and vainly endeavoring to draw forth

his pocket-comforter, the grinning spectre leaped down from the wagon, seized the youth by his sole remaining button, led him a little space aside, and thus addressed him:

"Oh, I am the Ralph and the Josephine  
And the Captain, and, what's more,  
The Buttercup and the Dick Deadeye  
Of the ancient 'Pinafore.'  
Don't look so scared; I'm giving it straight—  
I'm the band and the chorus, too,  
And the Lord High Ruler of the Queen's navee;  
I began when the piece was new.

"Once we had people for all the parts,  
But that was long ago.  
Our Josephine lost her voice and died;  
She's buried in Ohio.  
And the Lord High Admiral, he would gag  
Till he'd lost the original text,  
And the manager filled him with bullet-holes;  
And that's how he died next.

"Then Buttercup, out in a Kansas town,  
Where she'd been thirty years ago,  
Made love to the man she had shaken then;  
His wife laid her under the snow.  
Ralph Rackstraw sang till he lost his voice,  
And broke all up on the A;  
He was peddled out to a variety-show,  
And he gently faded away.

"Dick Deadeye grew more cross and sour  
With every note he sang;  
He sang the manager cold and dead,  
And so he had to hang.  
And thus they dropped off one by one,  
As the silent years rolled by,  
Till after awhile there was nothing left,  
Only scenery—and I.

"And though I fain would take a rest,  
There is no hope for me;  
I've got to travel through one-night stands  
For all eternity;  
For I am the Ralph and the Josephine  
And the Captain, and, what's more,  
The Buttercup and the Dick Deadeye,  
The Admiral and the Hebe spry,  
Of the ghost of the 'Pinafore.'"

—New York Times.

WHAT a command of words some men have! It took nineteen newspaper lines, or one hundred and fifty-two words, to hold a single sentence of Evarts to the effect that the wires must not come down.—Peck's Sun.

It must be nice to be a farmer with nothing to do all winter but lie back in the chimney corner and drink cider and tell lies about the tough storms of his boyhood, when he used to walk seven miles to school.—Rockland Courier.

—As there is an international agreement about the quality of Chinese tea and Brazilian coffee, so it is settled by all nations that the tobacco of the Golden Belt of North Carolina is par excellence the tobacco for the pipe or cigarette. In Blackwell's Durham Long Cut it is seen at its best. That brand preserves this celebrated tobacco in its natural purity, all its flavors and fragrances unimpaired.

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### TO THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

"You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long,  
You've asked me to cipher and spell,  
You've called me a dunce if I answered wrong,  
Or a dolt if I failed to tell  
Just when to say 'lie' and when to say 'lay,'  
Or what nine sevens may make,  
Or the longitude of Kamschatky Bay,  
Or the I-forget-what's-its-name lake,  
So I think it's about my turn, I do,  
To ask a question or so of you."

The school-master grim he opened his eyes,  
But said not a word for sheer surprise.  
"Can you tell what 'phen-dubs' means? I can.  
Can you say all off by heart  
The 'onery twoery ickery ann,'  
Or tell 'alleys' or 'commons' apart?  
Can you fling a top, I would like to know,  
Till it hums like a bumble-bee?  
Can you make a kite yourself that will go  
'Most as high as the eye can see,  
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing,  
And the little birds come and light on its string?"  
The school-master looked—oh! very demure,  
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

"Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings?  
Or the color its eggs may be?  
Do you know the time when the squirrel brings  
Its young from their nest in the tree?  
Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop,  
Or where the best hazel-nuts grow?  
Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,  
Then gaze without trembling below?  
Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run?  
Or do anything else we boys call fun?"  
The master's voice trembled as he replied.  
"You are right, my lad, I'm the dunce," he sighed.  
—Wide Awake.

THE wedding-service has been so arranged that the bride responds to the usual questions after the groom has responded. So we see even in the outset of married life woman is bound to have the last word.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

ONE leap-year privilege which ladies will appreciate is that of going, in companies of two or more, to the opera or theatre without male escort—and paying for their own tickets. It is jolly, you know.—*Chicago Telegram*.

WHEN a school-teacher hastily rises from a bent pin, upon whose point he has been gracefully lounging for about a millionth part of a second, he gets off a good joke—so the scholars think.—*Philadelphia Call*.

No New Year's Table should be without a bottle of **Angostura Bitters**, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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"He has been made a baron, I see," said the daughter.

"Yes; and his wife will be a baroness, I suppose," reflected the old lady: "How exquisitely beautiful it must be to be a baroness!"

"What has he been a-doing of to be made a baron?" asked the cultured young lady.

"What has he been a-doing of?" repeated the mother: "why, he is the sole survivor of the noble six hundred who made the famous charge at Balaklava.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"He began life young," remarks a writer, speaking of an individual who had risen to eminence. That's the way with most of us. We begin life young. If we could begin life old, we might be able to avoid the pain of teething, the danger of measles and other ills to which infant flesh is heir. But it seems to be necessary that we should begin life young. Somehow, there is no getting over it.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE Irish don't seem to make much progress in Ireland. The condition of the country is growing worse all the time. But then you mustn't expect everything of a people any more than of a person. The Irish are now engaged in regulating affairs in America, and you must not blame them if now and then something goes a little wrong in the old home.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Indians who sell hay to the Government out West have been detected placing large rocks in the bales. That comes of teaching the Indians to read, so they can study the daily papers and become posted in the tricks of white farmers.—*Peck's Sun.*

It is said that \$300,000 are annually expended in Christmas cards in this country. The Christmas card for ten cents beats a \$5 Christmas present all to flinders—from the giver's standpoint.—*Hartford Post.*

THE latest dude story is that a farmer saw a couple of those agonizing specimens on the street, and exclaimed:

"Gosh! what things we see when we don't have a gun."—*Troy Times.*

A MOLE on the nose indicates that a man will be a great traveler—probably to get out of the way of people who make personal remarks.—*Lowell Citizen.*

MAN wants but little here below; but woman isn't so easily satisfied.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

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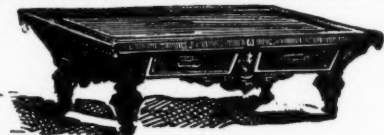
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### THE WAY OF IT.

The wind is awake, little leaves, little leaves,  
 Heed not what he says—he deceives, he deceives:

Over and over  
 To the lowly clover

He has lisped the same love and pledged himself true

As he 'll soon be lisping and pledging to you.

The boy is abroad, dainty maid, dainty maid,  
 Beware his soft words—I'm afraid, I'm afraid:

He 's said them before  
 Time many a score,

Ay, he died for a dozen ere his beard pricked through

As he 'll soon be dying, my pretty, for you.

The way of the boy is the way of the wind,  
 As light as the leaves is dainty maid-kind:

One to deceive  
 And one to believe—

That is the way of it, year to year;  
 But I know you will learn it too late, my dear.

—John Vance Cheney, in Century.

"Do you love me, dearest?"

These words were spoken by Algernon Montezburg, who held in his the dainty little hand of Arethusa Clarendon, the only daughter of Squire Clarendon, of Clarendon Hall, Clarendonshire. Arethusa's shapely head drooped in maiden modesty, but it was for a moment only; instantly she raised her head, and looking the young man full in the face, she fervently replied:

"I do, Algernon, with all my heart."

"Thank you," Algernon replied: "of course it's flattering to know it. I only asked out of curiosity, you know."

Thus ended the love-dream of the fair Arethusa; but she makes no complaint; when the subject is mentioned, she merely says that she remained single from choice. — *Boston Transcript*.

"I WOULD rather be right than be President," said Henry Clay; and President Arthur, since ascertaining the tone of the press on his attitude on the Mormon question, murmurs, as he contemplates himself in his looking-glass: "It is nice to be both." — *Somerville Journal*.

"WHAT will you think of your beautiful wife twenty or thirty years from now?—that is the question," according to Monsignor Capel. That is not a hard question, Monsignor Capel. Most likely we will think she is a much better cook than she was at first. — *Philadelphia Call*.

At a New Jersey wedding the broad aisle of the church was covered with autumn leaves. Somebody let them fall out of a Bible, probably. You can't be too careful how you search the Scriptures during the leaf-pressing season. — *Boston Transcript*.

A YANKEE genius has invented an umbrella which cannot be stolen. The dickens! have we got to add another item to our bill of personal expenses? — *Burlington Free Press*.

HAND-PAINTED suspenders are now worn; but lots of men will continue to hold up their "pants" with a leather belt fastened with a shingle-nail. — *Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

AN Iowa editor holds himself personally responsible for all that appears in his paper, thus acknowledging himself to be frightfully stupid. — *Boston Post*.

He blew into his gun to see  
 If loading up it needed;  
 The jury to a man agree  
 The gun blew after he did.

—Chicago Sun.

\*Among the most efficacious of remedial agents are the medical preparations from the laboratory of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

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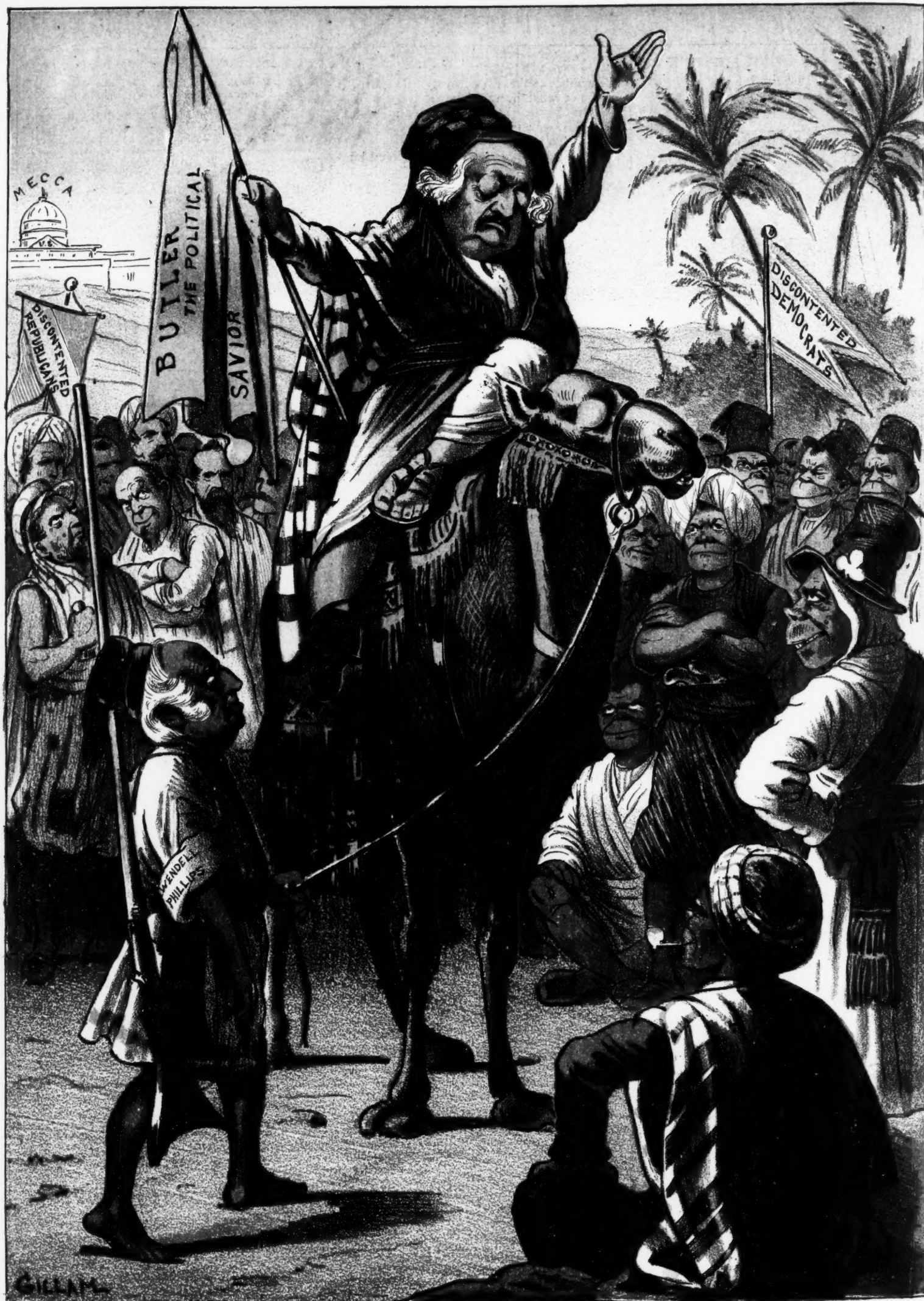
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